

SAVING THE NATION.

The Story of the War Retold for Our Boys and Girls.

ACROSS THE ETOWAH.

Bragg Still Falling Back, with Sherman Close at His Heels.

DALLAS AND NEW HOPE.

Furious Fighting, by Day and Night, along the Blazing Lines.

BY "CARLETON,"
[COPYRIGHTED—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

LXXXV.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

The army commanded by Gen. Sherman had little baggage. It could pack all its camp equipment in a few moments. The commander was quick in all his movements, and had the faculty of infusing his own energy into his subordinate officers. He detailed a body of men to build bridges and repair the railroad. The Confederates, when they retreated from Resaca, burned the bridge across the Oostanaula, but in three days Col. Wright, who had charge of the repairs of the railroad, had it rebuilt and the cars running to Kingston, south of Resaca. Day and night the cars rolled into Kingston, and on May 22 rations for 20 days were issued and the army once more took up its line of march. Gen. Sherman had not been able to obtain any reliable maps of the country, and he organized an engineer corps which soon had every road and stream platted and photographed and distributed to the officers. As fast as the army moved additions were made and new maps issued.

The Confederate army had retreated across the Etowah River, which rises in North-eastern Georgia, runs south, finds its way through the mountains and hills north of Allatoona, and flows on to Rome, where it is joined by the Oostanaula. Together they form the Coosa. It was a very strong position at Cassville from which Johnston had retreated, but he had selected another much stronger at Allatoona.

The railroad, after crossing the Etowah, runs southeast. At Allatoona there is a deep cut through a range of hills. Sherman expected that Johnston would choose a position on the hills and along Pumpkin Vine Creek, which rises amid the hills around the town of Dallas, southwest of Allatoona, runs north, then northwest to the Etowah. When

GEN. SHERMAN WAS A YOUNG MAN, away back in 1844, he rode over the country between Atlanta and Chattanooga. He was quick to see things. Through all the years he had remembered the features of the region around Allatoona. He knew that Johnston would be likely to select Allatoona for a defensive position, but he had no intention of advancing against it. If he went somewhere else and gained Johnston's flank, Allatoona would be of no value to the Confederates.

If you were to stand on the hill near Allatoona and look south you would see a round hill, which the people call Pine Mountain, rising so beautifully and conspicuously that it is a landmark for a wide reach of country. Beyond it in the southwest, is another hill, standing by itself, which goes by the name of Lost Mountain. Another beautiful mountain, Kennesaw, rises higher than either of the others, from the top of which you can look all over the surrounding country. It is 18 miles from Allatoona. The town of Marietta, with its public square and shaded streets, is only three miles south from the summit of Kennesaw. Were you to go up to the top of Kennesaw, you would see a mountain 25 miles away in the southeast with white granite ledges on its sides; it is Stone Mountain, east of Atlanta. In a clear day you would see the church spires of Atlanta. In all directions you look down upon a beautiful landscape. Between Kennesaw and Atlanta winds the Chattahoochee River. We are surveying the country which is to be the great battleground of the campaign. Going now southwest from Allatoona, and west from Kennesaw to Dallas, we find that Pumpkin Vine Creek winds through a narrow valley, with steep banks. Northeast of Dallas four miles is New Hope Church, where a branch of the Pumpkin Vine comes in from the south. Three miles farther on toward the northeast is Pickett's Mills and also Owen's Mills.

Sherman is on the Etowah River about 18 miles north of Dallas. The troops cross the river and march south, the Army of the Tennessee away out on the right moving toward the town of Van Wert, northwest of Dallas. The Army of the Cumberland, with the Twentieth Corps, under Hooker, in advance, takes the road leading to Burnt Hickory. Schofield, with the Army of the Ohio, is still farther east.

Johnston quickly discovers Sherman's movement. Between Van Wert and Dallas the cavalry under Gen. McCook discover and capture a Confederate cavalryman who is carrying a dispatch from Johnston to Gen. Jackson, commanding the Confederate cavalry around Dallas, informing him that Sherman is marching in that direction. McCook sends the dispatch to Sherman, who orders

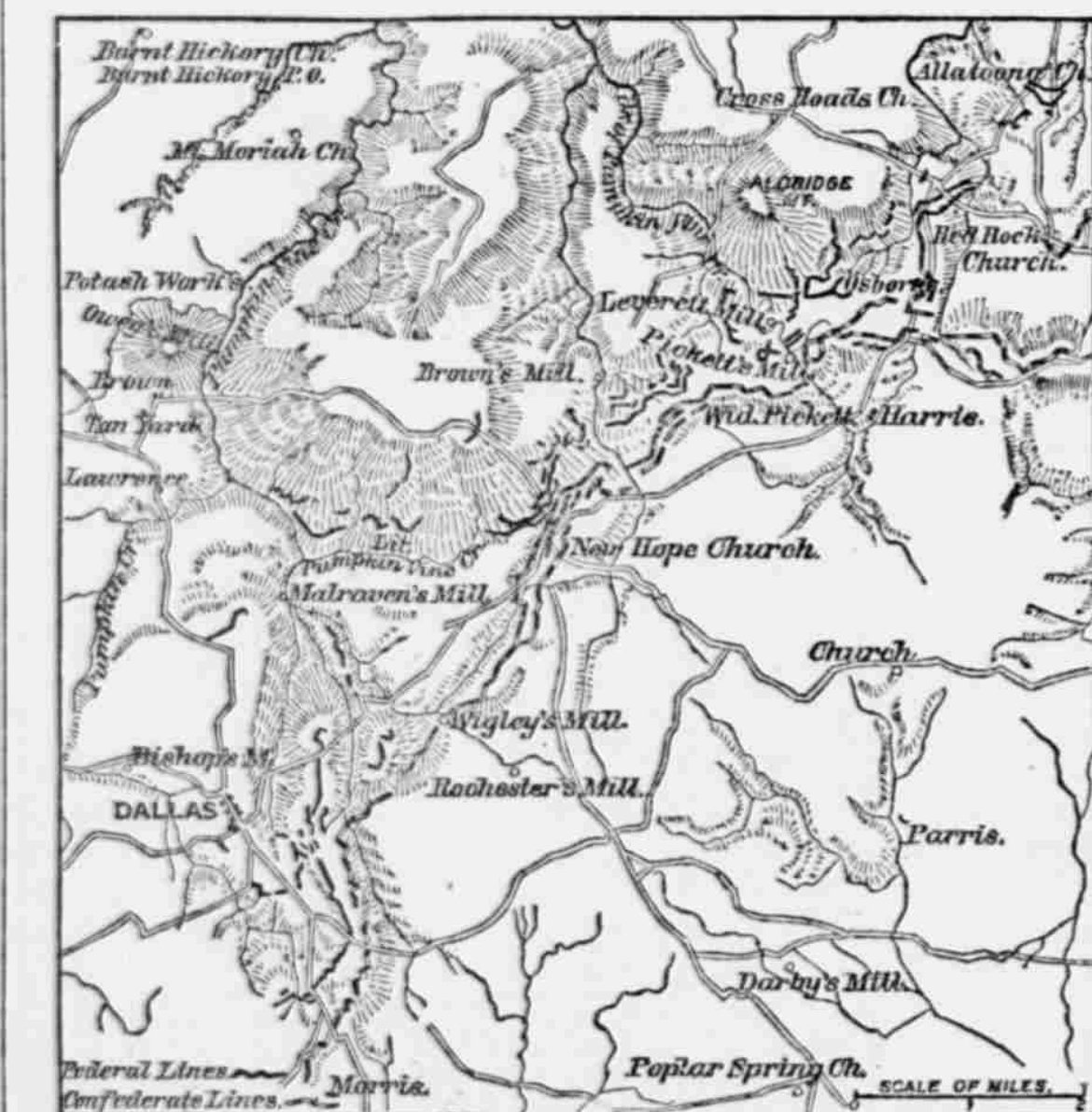
HOOKE AND THOMAS TO GO SLOW, that McCook, who has much farther to march, may reach Dallas before they come in collision with the enemy. McCook pushes on to see if the Confederates are advancing to head off the movement. It is 3 in the afternoon of May 25 when McCook reaches Pumpkin Vine Creek, near Owen's Mills. Confederate cavalry hold the bridge, which they set on fire, but McCook drives them and puts out the fire. Geary's Division of Hooker's Corps follows the retreating Confederates toward New Hope Church. The 7th

Ohio is deployed as skirmishers, and comes suddenly upon the 32d and 58th Ala. and a battalion of sharpshooters, the whole under Col. Jones, of Hood's Corps.

"Make all the noise and resistance possible," is Hood's order to Jones. The Confederate army is on the march from Allatoona toward New Hope, but is not yet wholly in position. Geary deploys Candy's Brigade, and drives Jones back upon the other Confederate troops of Gen. Stewart's Division.

Gen. Sherman hears the uproar and hastens down to see what is going on, and directs Hooker to bring up his other divisions. It is 5 o'clock when Williams's Division comes into the fight, on Geary's right, and still later when Butterfield arrives. Hood's troops are on a ridge covered with thick woods. A thunderstorm is rising at the moment in the west, the lightning flashing and thunder rolling. Up the slope rush the men of the Twentieth Corps, to be cut down by the hot fire of Hood's men behind their breastworks. It is a

GALLANT BUT FRUITLESS attack. Hooker losing heavily, Hood very few. Night settles over the scene with the



THE COUNTRY ABOUT NEW HOPE CHURCH.

cannon and lightning flashing and the roar of the thunder mingling with that of the artillery. Hooker withdraws and the ambulance corps goes over the field thickly strewn with killed and wounded, gathering the latter into the hospitals on the west bank of the creek.

Gen. Sherman knew on the evening of the day of the first battle at New Hope that the whole of Johnston's army, except a small force left at Allatoona, was marching rapidly toward that point; that Hood was already there. We can see after a battle has been fought how the movements might have been made in other directions, and possibly with better results. Gen. Sherman's main object was to crush Johnston's army, but he had made the movement to New Hope to compel Johnston to give up Allatoona. He could not venture very far from the railroad, which he must have to keep him in supplies. He had cut loose from it in order to turn Johnston's flank, but must soon return to it. If Sherman on the evening of the 25th had issued an order for the army to turn northeast and make a rapid march through the night while Johnston was



GEN. SHERMAN DRAWING A MAP.

marching southeast along the east bank of Pumpkin Vine Creek, leaving Hooker in front of Hood to cover the movement, the morning of the 26th would have seen Schofield and Thomas on the right flank of Johnston. Getting between him and the railroad, in the direction of Ackworth, McPherson would have been close behind. The movement would have compelled the evacuation of Allatoona and forced Johnston eastward.

TO ATTACK SHERMAN on ground of Sherman's choosing or hasten to secure the lines in front of Kennesaw. The railroad north of Ackworth makes a large bend toward the west. At sunset Schofield was only six miles distant, Thomas nine miles, and McPherson's advance only 12 miles from the nearest point, three miles south of Allatoona. At the same hour Hood and Polk were 12 miles southwest of Ackworth, the nearest point, Hardee 10 miles.

Instead of such a movement the different corps moved on toward Pumpkin Vine, the Fourth Corps under Howard coming in upon Hooker's left, while Davis's and Palmer's Divisions of the Fourteenth came upon Hooker's right. McPherson marches through Dallas, the Sixteenth Corps under Dodge

continuing the line to the left of Davis, and the Fifteenth under Logan reaching still farther to the south, with the cavalry under Garrard covering the flank. Schofield, with the Army of the Ohio, is marching toward Owen's Mills, to come in on the left of Howard. Stoneman's Division of cavalry is covering the left flank of the army.

At daybreak Sherman is sitting on the log beside which he has slept, drawing a map; the army after a night march in the rain is in position, the troops at work building intrenchments. The artillery on both sides opens fire and the pickets begin a fusillade which is to go on almost without cessation several days. McPherson is confronted by Hardee, and the lines are so close that not an officer or soldier can show his head without a rattling along the line. A skillful General never will attack a strong position in front if he can get round it. Sherman has made his intrenchments so strong that he can hold them with a portion of his troops while he makes the attempt to gain Johnston's right flank with the remainder. He withdraws Wood's Division of Howard's Corps, Johnson's of Palmer's, and McLean's Brigade of Schofield's, and moves them north-



THE COUNTRY ABOUT NEW HOPE CHURCH.

east toward Pickett's Mills, which is on a branch of Pumpkin Vine Creek.

The movement is through thick woods. Gen. Howard thinks that he has gone far enough to gain the flank of the Confederates, and turns south. What he supposes to be the right flank of the Confederate line is an angle instead.

IT IS A COSTLY MISTAKE. Hazen's and Scribner's Brigades lead the attack, advancing through thick woods to find cannon flaming in their faces and musketry cutting them down.

The Confederates have seen the movement. "Howard's Corps is on my right. I have extended my own lines as far as I can, and need reinforcements," was the message sent by Hood to Johnston. Cleburne's Division is placed under Hood, to act as he shall order. Cleburne is directed to place his troops in a column of brigades in the rear of Hindman's Division. Granberry's Brigade of Texas is the last brigade in the column. "Let the Union cavalry reconnoiter the ground on our right," was Hood's order. The cavalry scouts had seen what they thought was the extreme right of the Confederate line, whereas they had not seen the column of brigades standing behind Hindman. It was this that had deceived Howard, who suddenly found himself confronted by Cleburne on ground which the cavalry had reported as clear. When Howard faced south and marched to strike Hindman, Cleburne quickly changed front, and stood a solid wall of men with batteries in an advantageous position.

It is 5 o'clock in the afternoon when the battle begins. Gen. Hazen leads Howard's advance, driving the Confederate skirmishers into Hood's intrenchments. Johnston's Division is on the left of Hazen, and sweeps round by Pickett's Mills, which is not on Pumpkin Vine Creek, but on a smaller stream which empties into it. Scribner's Brigade has the advance in Johnston's Division. It is on the east bank of the little stream when a volley is poured down upon the brigade. Scribner halts, changes front, crosses the stream and returns the fire. Gen. Wood is still farther on the left, and also

RECEIVES A TERRIFIC VOLLEY with a storm of shells. Through a mistake McLean's Brigade does not come up on Wood's flank to protect it, and Wood is obliged to fall back. From 5 o'clock till after dark the battles go on. The artillery all along the lines, on both sides, send their missiles into the intrenchments. Newton and Stanley, of Howard's Corps, make a feint of advancing. Out on the left Cox and Hasall, of Schofield's Corps, swing south against the Confederate cavalry under Wheeler, which have dismounted and fight as infantry. Gen. Johnston says of the attack: "The enemy came on in deep order and assailed the Texans with great vigor, receiving their close and accurate fire with great fortitude, such as is always exhibited by Gen. Sherman's troops in the action of this campaign. The contest with Granberry was a very fierce one. The enemy left hundreds of corpses within 20 paces of the Confederate lines." Till past 10 o'clock the battle goes on, Howard falling back under a charge of the Confederates a short distance, but holding a position much in advance of the ground of the morning. In the attack there had been a sad loss of fully 1,500. The attack was not well planned. The troops were massed in brigades one behind another, in thick woods, which was a mistake, as

Howard, Sherman and every other officer soon discovered. The second line, under such a formation in the woods, could take no part in the fight without firing upon those in the front line.



A CAPTURED DISPATCH.

May 28 Sherman is getting ready to make another movement toward the railroad. Johnston discovers that something is going on, and orders Hardee, who is in front of McPherson at Dallas, to see if McPherson is still there. He finds out. Logan's Corps is standing with Harrow's Division on the right, then Morgan L. Smith in the center, and Osterhaus on the left. Smith is on the road leading from Dallas to Marietta. Three of the cannon of the 1st Iowa battery are on the skirmish-line in an advantageous position. The skirmishers see Bate's Division of Confederates suddenly appear

ON THE CREST OF THE RIDGE and descend the slope, advancing rapidly. The three guns open upon them, the rattle of the skirmishers' muskets begins. Men drop in the Confederate ranks, but the lines move on. No infantry has been sent forward to support the three-gun battery. In a twinkling, almost, the Confederates are laying hold of the guns, but cannot use them, for the artillerymen have carried off the rammers in their retreat.

The Confederates give a cheer and charge upon Walcott's Brigade of Harrow's Division. Instantly a line of light streams from the Union intrenchments and the Confederate line melts like lead in a crucible. On come the other divisions of Hardee's Corps, attacking with great spirit, suffering great loss. The battle is soon over, the Confederates being repulsed at every point. The ground is thickly strewn with killed and wounded. It never will be known just how many fell in this ill-judged attack on the part of the Confederates, but Gen. Logan estimated the loss at 2,000. The Confederate reports give no estimate. The Union troops were behind the intrenchments, and the casualties were only 379. The Confederates were in the open ground and, went down as the bearded grain falls before the hail in the storm of a Midsummer day.

For two days the cannon on both sides are thundering and the muskets of the pickets flashing, but no attempt is made on either side to flank or charge the other. The lines are so near that no soldier can lift his head above the breastwork. From what you might see you would little suspect that two great armies were on the ground. When night comes and darkness settles over the scene, the soldiers rise from the ground and cook their supper. On the night of May 29 suddenly

ALL THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES open, and the landscape is illumined by the cannon flashes. Sherman's cannon reply, and for two hours the thunder of the cannonade rolls over hill and dale, forest and field, sending its reverberation far away to Lost Mountain and Kennesaw. The fire is so terrific, and such a storm of shot and shell is hurled from the Confederate guns, with the answer gun for gun from the Union artillery, that the soldiers change the name of New Hope to Hell Hole.

On the afternoon of May 30 Gen. Sherman, Gen. Logan, Gen. McPherson, Gen. Barry and Col. Taylor are standing together, when a mine-bullet passes through Logan's coat-sleeve and strikes Col. Taylor in the breast. He falls as if felled by a lightning stroke; not killed, however, for in his pocket is a memorandum so thick that it has deadened the force of the bullet, which lodges against the ribs, but which disables him from further service.

Gen. Sherman's supplies are running short. The time has come for a new movement, which shall bring the army nearer to the railroad. The cavalry under Gen. Stoneman have already seized Allatoona, and Sherman can reach the railroad at Ackworth. Johnston sees that he will be powerless to stop such a movement, and that he must fall back to a new position. During the night of June 3 the Confederates file out from their strong intrenchments and take up their line of march eastward toward the intrenchments already thrown up by the gangs of slaves at Lost Mountain and northward of Kennesaw. With great bravery they have held the lines at New Hope, which is no longer a new hope to them. Thousands in the Confederate ranks are beginning to see that there is a hopeless cause. They are beginning to ask why such a sacrifice of life? for what are they fighting? Some of them in reality, they are not fighting for any great principle of right, but for the perpetration of slavery and they curse those who began the war.

LIBERTY'S STATUE.

BY COMRADE J. C. O. REDINGTON, SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Rise, Liberty, rise!
In form majestic and grand,
Thy torch to the skies,
Thine the sea and land!
Tell ages to come, with thy quenchless flame,
Till oppression from earth be hurled,
Columbia's deeds supplied the proud name,
"Liberty enlightening the world."

Tablet to Gen. Sedgwick.
A meeting of the survivors of the Sixth Corps was held on Tuesday, Nov. 9, at the room of Post No. 2, Philadelphia, for the purpose of perfecting an organization to raise funds to erect a tablet on the spot where Maj.-Gen. John Sedgwick fell on May 9, 1864.

THE NINTH INDIANA.

Sketch of the Services of a Gallant Western Regiment.

A REPLY TO GEN. HAZEN,

And the Strictures Upon the Ninth in His "Narrative."

THE BRAVE HOOSIERS

Made a Brilliant Record in the Army of the Cumberland.

BY COL. D. E. MCCONNELL, LOGANSPORT, IND.

The 9th Ind. was not much given to shouting, either in camp or on the march. The writer has often seen, when the column was passing a favorite General or approaching the evening halting place, while the regiments before and behind were cheering, shouting and yelling, the 9th marching gravely on, the ranks closed up in perfect silence, in marked contrast to the shouting



THE 9TH IND. AS FORAGERS.

and howling men before and behind them. This disposition to silence seems to characterize the regiment still, and while other regiments and most of the individual soldiers have been rushing into print and fighting their battles over again, the 9th has scarcely been heard from.

I saw a letter a short time ago from a soldier of the 9th, now residing in distant part of the State, in which he complained that he never saw anything in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE from any of the 9th Ind. men, and contrasting their silence with the profusion of communications from other regiments. I tell my comrade that the 9th is sometimes mentioned by others. Gen. Hazen, Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, the commander of the Ninth Tenth Brigade in the Army of the Ohio, under Buell, and the Army of the Cumberland, under Rosecrans, has done us the honor to mention us in his "Narrative of Military Service," recently published. A gentleman who read his book remarked to me: "It is plain to be seen that the 9th Ind. was not a favorite with Gen. Hazen."

Gen. Hazen mentions our joining his brigade at Nashville, Tenn., in March, 1862, and speaks highly of Col. Moody. He notices that the first commander of the regiment, Col. Milroy, was a graduate of a military academy, and says that he expected more of this regiment in the way of

ACCURATE SOLDIERSHIP, but was disappointed in that regard. In fact, he declares that the regiment was far behind the others in that which constituted the soldier, sets out his orders to indicate that he thought squad drill was suited to its neglected condition, and plainly declares that the regiment was confirmed in certain "vicious habits," which rendered stern discipline necessary. (See the "Narrative," page 21.) Nowhere in his book does he show that we improved in his opinion.

I do not think Gen. Hazen disliked the 9th Ind. especially, but his book plainly shows that he was so anxious to extol the 41st Ohio, his own regiment, that he could see no excellence in any other in contrast with his beloved 41st. Let us look into it and see why the General should have expected to find more of accurate soldiery in the 9th Ind. than in the 41st Ohio.

The 9th Ind. in the three years' service was a very different regiment from the 9th Ind. in the three months' service. The officers and men of the 9th in the three months' service considered that they were experienced soldiers and fit to offer the new regiments being called into the field, and did not re-enter the 9th at the reorganization. Many of the companies were composed almost entirely of new men, officers and all, and no company contained a majority of three-months men. It was practically a new regiment.

It began to organize at La Porte, Ind., about Sept. 1, 1861. About the middle of September, it being needed in the field at once, it was allowed to fill up its ranks from the 29th Ind., which was also organizing at La Porte, and sent to West Virginia to the relief of Gen. Reynolds, then reported hard pressed at Elk Water, and Oct. 3 was engaged in battle at Greenbrier. That winter we spent on Cheat Mountain and in the forests and valleys, fighting hunger, cold and rebels, but not drilling.

The 41st Ohio was organized in September, 1861. It was in school constantly under that

ACCOMPLISHED MILITARY INSTRUCTOR, Col. W. B. Hazen. Is not the General a little modest in saying that he expected "more of accurate soldiery" from the 9th Ind. than of the 41st Ohio under the cir-

cumstances? He may have expected much of us, but it did not take him long to show us that we did not stand highly with him. The 9th had acquired some peculiar traits during that Cheat Mountain campaign. In climbing around over the mountains, creeping in through the lines of the enemy, often scouting for days together, they had acquired the habit of often replenishing their canteens from the sweet mountain streams which came in their way. Being naturally pugnacious, they never allowed chickens or turkeys to bite them if they could by any possible means prevent it by hard fighting, and practice had made it bad for the turkey or chicken which attacked them on their peaceful march.

These "vicious habits" got them into much trouble on the march to Shiloh. Often when crossing or marching near some beautiful stream of water, the men were tempted to fall out of ranks to change the brackish water in their canteens for the sweet spring water in the flowing stream. This always brought disaster. The general officers always seemed to be around upon occasions of that kind, and the offending soldiers went under guard or were tied to wagons for the remainder of the day. And then the poor boys were always being caught with some of the ferocious chickens or turkeys which abounded in that country, which after desperate combats they had vanquished and slain, in their possession, and they would be arrested and called thieves, and often told that the regiment to which they belonged was a "gang of thieves."

During the short time we were at Nashville we were called out to battalion drill for a few times. The men were compelled to wear their knapsacks full packed. I believe the order for "knapsack drill," as it was called, came from Department Headquarters. It was intended to toughen the men and train them, so that they could march and fight with full knapsacks on their backs. It was a brilliant conception—equal to that of the man who trained

HIS HORSE TO LIVE ON STRAW; about the time he had him trained he died. Stonewall Jackson taught us the folly of that kind of thing by showing us what men could do who went light.

The men did not take to that kind of drill readily. They would not keep in line, turned to the left when they were ordered to the right, etc. It makes me laugh now when I think of the storm which the poor fellows brought about their ears by their willful awkwardness on those drill days, and the punishment inflicted upon them in the shape of squad drills, and the like. How often were we compelled to submit to being called a mob, and told that we did not deserve the name of regiment. In a word, both division and brigade commanders seemed to have a prejudice against us, which the regiment took no pains to dispel. Gen. Nelson once, on the march to Shiloh, when disgusted with finding some of the men in possession of the "spoils of war" in the shape of chickens, said: "The regiment is a pack of thieves. They won't fight. Thieves never fight."

AT SHILOH.

Saturday night, April 5, 1862, we reached Savannah. The writer of this article was Acting Quartermaster. Sunday morning, after he had made his report, he was startled by the distant boom of cannon, and soon news came that the battle was on. After that all was excitement in the division, but the writer noticed that there was less excitement in the 9th Ind. than in other regiments. Our men who had wandered away from camp began to come in, and gravely and without orders got ready to go. The expectation had been that there would be a few days' rest in that camp, and the men had laid things out loosely. About 10 o'clock we were told that there were no boats for us, but that we should get rations for three days. I drew and issued rations to the regiment,



THEY FACED THE MUSIC.

and then there came an order from division headquarters that all Quartermasters should remain with the trains. I thought, "There it is again. A great battle is going on and the war about over, and

I AM GOING TO GET LEFT. It is the only chance in my life to get to see a great battle, and I will miss it." I went to the Colonel and told him how I felt, and he gave me leave to go along, and I did so. I need not say, perhaps, that I saw all I wanted to see next day, and was never troubled again with any such curiosity.

We reached the battlefield that night. Next morning the 9th Ind. led the brigade into action. If the 6th Ky. was in the front line I did not see it, and as my company was on the skirmish-line I had a good chance to see. We soon met the enemy's skirmishers and drove them back. As they fell back the enemy opened on our skirmish-line with artillery, throwing shells and solid shot. We ran forward, so that the shots passed over us. They soon fell in the ranks of the regiment which was following after us. I looked back to see the effect, and there came the 9th Ind. in magnificent array, with guns at "right-shoulder shift." Shell and solid shot crashed through the ranks, cutting gaps,

which were instantly closed up, and the regiment came right on. I talked a few days later with a wounded rebel officer, who was wounded right there before us and placed in a tent near by. He said:

"When I saw that magnificent line of blue coming on the field with their bright, new guns carried at right-shoulder shift, and saw them close up their ranks when gaps were cut in them by our shells and shot and come right on, I knew Buell was on the field and that all was up with us."

Think of that! The

AWKWARD, THEIVING 9TH IND. MOB mistaken for the superbly drilled and equipped men which Gen. Buell had had in training for six months, aided by such accomplished masters of the school of the soldier as Gen. Hazen.

The skirmishers dashed upon the enemy's line of battle that morning, and for a short time were in possession of a battery, but an overwhelming force coming up, we were driven off with considerable loss. We were compelled to leave several of our men on the ground wounded in possession of the enemy and fall back to the main line. There, for more than an hour, we had a combat with the enemy across an open field and compelled them to retire. For a short time there was a lull in the fight, during which I took a detail and ran across and brought off our wounded left on the skirmish-line. Soon after the enemy returned and renewed the fight, and for a long time we were at it again. Then another lull came and we were retired, and our place was taken by the 6th Ky.

We were taken out by swinging the right of the regiment to the rear until it was perpendicular to the line of battle which faced south, where the regiment was in a slight depression of ground, and the men were permitted to lie down. Not five minutes had elapsed when a tremendous attack was made upon the 6th Ky., which had relieved us upon the line of battle, and so sudden and tremendous was the attack that the 6th was thrown into confusion and began to fall back. At that the 9th

SPONTANEOUSLY JUMPED UP and rushed to the support of the 6th Ky. boys, and being with the left next to them, faced that way and rushed up left in front in some disorder, meeting the 6th Ky. falling back in considerable disorder; but we carried most of the Kentucky fellows back with us, and flung along near our old position, we found ourselves on the line with our left where our right ought to be. I found myself with such of my company (K) as I could keep together on the right of the regiment instead of the left, where I belonged.

Right there was a small log cabin fronting to the north, inclosed by a low rail fence, with a smoke-house to the south, in the southwest corner of the lot. The west boundary of the lot was a rail fence running north from the smoke-house, west of the cabin. To the south was an open field, across which we had been fighting all day, and which I had twice crossed, once while skirmishing and once with a detail to bring our wounded from the skirmish-line. To the west and north were woods, but a dim wagon-road ran in front of the cabin on the north. When we came to this little cabin, and while we were getting there, the enemy was hurling into us the most tremendous fire I ever witnessed, of both musketry and artillery, and our men sought shelter behind the house, the fences and the smoke-house. We found that out of the woods to our right there was coming a heavy cross-fire, and I placed the men of our company on their knees behind the little fence, facing west, so that they were protected by the smoke-house on the left and the fence on the front, and then looked round for some one to tell me what to do next.

The 6th Ky. and the 9th Ind. were crowded together in inextricable confusion behind the little house, while

THE DEADLY MISSILES of the enemy were knocking them down every minute. In one instance I saw three men shot so near together and at one time they fell together and for a moment supported each other before they sank down. Lieut.-Col. Blake, of the 9th Ind., and Lieut.-Col. Cotton, of the 6th Ky., were on horseback striving to ride into the mass, shouting, gesticulating and waving their swords; but it was no use, in that din and horror nothing could be heard. I turned to look north and there I saw the 41st Ohio in beautiful line facing west with colors flying, accompanied by Gen. Hazen and others on horseback, moving at quick-step on the enemy on the right flank. I turned again and saw that Blake and Cotton seemed to be trying to direct the men behind the cabin out in the same direction, and I hurried my men over and started.

The men at the house followed like sheep. We had not taken five steps when Cathcart, a private in my company, a nephew of Hon. Charles Cathcart, formerly a Congressman from the district which sent the 9th Ind. into the field, was shot dead at my side. A few steps more and my brother was struck down. I just had time to see that he was not likely to bleed to death and direct him to lie close to the ground, and then hurry on. Then came our opportunity. The enemy had worked up in force to within 50 yards of us, and as we huddled around the little cabin, had been shooting us down like dogs. As we ran toward them, they halted, kept up, but as we drew nearer they jumped out and ran. Our guns were loaded. Our men were farmer's boys from Northern Indiana, and familiar with the use of the rifle. The 6th Ky. were men of the same stamp. Those fleeing men had no chance to escape. They were shot down by scores.

I went back over that ground later that day. It was like a newly-reaped wheatfield. The rebel dead and wounded lay there like sheaves. Away we went after them, the 41st Ohio starting in line style on the right and the 9th Ind. and 6th Ky. like a mob on the left. After going a hundred yards or more we came upon a rebel battery which had stolen upon our flank and was making